

(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)
Dash'd all to peeces: O the cry did knocke
Against my very heart: poore soules, they perish'd.
Had I byn any God of power, I would
Haue suncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should the good Ship so haue swallow'd, and
The fraughting Soules within her.

Prof. Be collected,
No more amazement: Tell your pittieus heart
there's no harme done.

Mira. O woe, the day.

Prof. No harme:
I haue done nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art: naught knowing
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better
Then *Prospero*, Master of a full poore cell,
And thy no greater Father.

Mira. More to know
Did neuer medle with my thoughts.

Prof. 'Tis time
I should informe thee farther: Lend thy hand,
And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,
Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, haue comfort,
The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd
The very vertue of compassion in thee:
I haue with such prouision in mine Art
So safely ordered, that there is no foule
No not so much perdition as an hayre
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heardst cry, which thou saw'st sinke: Sit
For thou must now know farther.

Mira. You haue often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt
And left me to a bootlesse Inquisition,
Concluding, stay: not yet.

Prof. The howr's now come
The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,
Obey, and be attentive: Canst thou remember
A time before we came vnto this Cell?
I doe not thinke thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three yeeres old.

Mira. Certainly Sir, I can.

Prof. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis farre off:

And rather like a dreame, then an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Fowre, or fift women once, that tended me?
Prof. Thou hadst; and more *Miranda*: But how is it
That this liues in thy minde? What seest thou els
In the dark-backward and Abysme of Time?
Yf thou remembrest bought ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou maist.

Mira. But that I doe not.

Prof. Twelue yere since (*Miranda*) twelue yere since,
Thy father was the Duke of *Millaine* and
A Prince of power:

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?

Prof. Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of *Millaine*, and his onely heire,
And Princeesse; no worse Issued.

Mira. O the heavens,
What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?

Or blessed was't we did?

Prof. Both, both my Girle,
By fowle-play (as thou saist) were we heau'd thence,
But blessedly holpe hither.

Mira. O my heart bleedes

To thinke oth' teene that I haue turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther;

Prof. My brother and thy vncke, call'd *Antonio*:
I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious: he, whom next thy selfe
Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put
The manage of my state, as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And *Prospero*, the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberall Artes,
Without a paralell; those being all my studie,
The Government I cast vpon my brother,
And to my State grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies, thy false vncke
(Do'st thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heede fully.

Prof. Being once perfected how to graunt suites,
how to deny them: who to aduance, and who
To trash for ouer-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or els new form'd 'em; hauing both the key,
Of Officer, and office, set all hearts i'th state
To what tune pleas'd his care, that now he was
The luy which had hid my princely Trunck,
And fackt my verdure out on't: Thou attend'st not?

Mira. O good Sir, I doe.

Prof. I pray thee marke me:

I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closenes, and the bettering of my mind
with that, which but by being so retir'd
Ore-priz'd all popular rates in my false brother
Awak'd an euill nature, and my trust
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great
As my trust was, which had indeede no limit,
A confidence fans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not onely with what my reueneu yeelded,
But what my power might els exact. Like one
Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a synner of his memorie
To credite his owne lie, he did beleue
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Substitution
And executing th' outward face of Roialtie
With all prerogatiues: hence his Ambition growing:
Do'st thou heare?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafnesse.

Prof. To haue no Schisme between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needes will be
Absolute *Millaine*, Me (poore man) my Librarie
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall roalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
(so drie he was for Sway) with King of *Naples*
To giue him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (alas poore *Millaine*)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. Oh the heavens!

Prof. Marke his condition, and th' euent, then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sinne

To thinke but Noble of my Grand-mother,

Good

Good wombes haue borne bad sonnes:
Pro. Now the Condition:

This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
To me inueterate, hearkens my Brothers suit,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire *Millaine*
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Armie leuied, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpose, did *Antonio* open
The gates of *Millaine*, and i'th' dead of darkenesse
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying selfe.

Mir. Alack, for pittie:
I not remembring how I ride out then
Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too't.

Pro. Heare a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present businesse
Which now's vpon's: without the which, this Story
Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That howre destroy vs?

Pro. Well demanded, wench:

My Tale prouokes that question: Deare, they durst not,
So deare the loue my people bore me: nor set
A marke so bloudy on the businesse; but
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
In few, they hurried vs a-board a Barke,
Bore vs some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkasse of a Butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sayle, nor mast, the very rats
Instinctiue haue quit it: There they hoyl'd vs
To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to figh
To th' winde; whose pittie fighing backe againe
Did vs but louing wrong.

Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you?

Pro. O, a Cherubin

Thou wast that did preferue me; Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heauen,
When I haue deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Vnder my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me
An vndergoing stomacke, to beare vp
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we a shore?

Pro. By prouidence diuine,
Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan* *Gonzalo*

Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this designe) did giue vs, with
Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessities
Which since haue steeded much, so of his gentlenesse
Knowing I lou'd my bookes, he furnish'd me
From mine owne Librarie, with volumes, that
I prize about my Dukedome.

Mir. Would I might
But euer see that man.

Pro. Now I arise,
Sit still, and heare the last of our sea-sorrow:
Heere in this Iland we arriv'd, and heere
Haue I, thy Schoolemaster, made thee more profit
Then other Princeesse can, that haue more time
For vainer howres; and Tutors, not so carefull.

Mir. Heuens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,

For still 'tis beating in
For rayling this Sea-st

Pro. Know thus far
By accident most strang

(Now my deere Lady)
Brought to this shore:

I finde my *Zenith* doth
A most auspicious starr

If now I court not, but
Will euer after droope:

Thou art inclinde to sle
And giue it way: I know

Come away, Seruant, c
Approach my *Ariel*. C

Ari. All haile, great
To answer thy best plea

To swim, to diue into th
On the curld clouds: to

Ariel, and all his Quali
Pro. Hast thou, *Spiri*

Perform'd to point, the T
Ar. To euery Artic

I boarded the Kings shi
Now in the Waste, the I

I flam'd amazement, son
And burne in many place

The Yards and Bore-spr
Then meete, and ioyne.

O'ch dreadfull Thunder
And fight out running w

Of sulphurous roaring, th
Seeme to besiege, and m

Yea, his dread Trident
Pro. My braue Spirit,

Who was so firme, so cor
Would not infect his rea

Ar. Not a foule
But felt a feauer of the m

Some trickes of desperatio
lung'd in the foaming b

Then all a fire with me
With haire vp-flaring (th

Was the first man that lea
And all the Duels are hee

Pro. Why that's my sp
But was not this nye shor

Ar. Close by, my Ma
Pro. But are they (*Ar*

Ar. Not a haire perit
On their sustaining garme

But fresher then before: a
In troops I haue disperid

The Kings sonne haue I la
Whom I left cooling of th

In an odde Angle of the I
His armes in this sad kno

Pro. Of the Kings shi
The Marriners, say how th

And all the rest o'th' Flecte
Ar. Safely in harbour

Is the Kings shippe, in the
Thou call'dst me vp at mid

From the still-vest *Bermoo*
The Marriners all vnder h

Who, with a Charme ioyr
I haue left asleep: and for